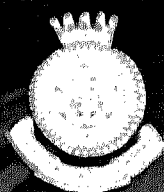


The War Cry

EASTER 1946



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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1946
TEN CENTS

Marjorie Child



A Spring Morning

What a SAVIOUR!

It Is Not in the Human Mind
To Fathom the Love That
Prompted Jesus to Suffer
That We Might Be Recon-
ciled To God, But There Is
Nothing To Prevent Us From
Believing In Him!



BY HENRY F. MILANS, O.F.



THE TOUCH
THAT BROUGHT HEALING

Painting by Blinn



WHEN I survey "the wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory died," I am amazed not so much at what He did for me, but at what I have done against Him.

It is not in the human mind to fathom the love that prompted Jesus to suffer willingly as He did that we might be reconciled to God. But I can easily realize how utterly debauched we can be in mind and heart to hurl back His plea, "I did this for thee," with our own sinful declaration of defiance: "If You died for me You've deceived Yourself; for I don't want

Your love or Your Salvation; I don't curry Your mercy or Your compassion. I am what I am because I love my sin, and I don't love You!"

Isn't this just about what we mean by our treatment of the Saviour's supplication: "I am the Good Shepherd, and the Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep?"

Read, as I have recently, the accounts of Christ's death as it is told by some of the inspired religious writers of the early centuries; and if you can hold back your sobbing as you review the foulest murder of all time, before or since Calvary, you are made of sterner stuff than I am.

Keep in mind, as you read, the great spikes that ripped through His hands and feet and the spear-head which sank into His side. Wasn't it physically horrible even for the thieves to have to die in this way? But add to this the pertinent fact that Jesus, who had never known sin, had to suffer in His soul, as well, for the sins of the whole world. Then surmount all this with the agonizing consciousness that God, His Father, had seemingly deserted Him! It is all too shocking for our little minds to comprehend.

Yet, we who know Jesus by what His forgiving love has done for us personally, can reach up to Him and declare with all our souls, "My Lord and my God!"

Saved by Him from a life in which every good impulse was stifled by a love for evil makes us trust Him implicitly in what we cannot see or understand concerning the Father's plan and the Son's vicarious execution of it. We need not question either. We have reached hither our hands and thrust them into His side—believing!

THERE was another episode in that scene of human torture and death on Calvary that ought to draw us nearer to Christ in loving adoration and perfect confidence in His assurance that whosoever will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. He had been silent before Pilate. He opened not His mouth in answer to any of the false charges made by those who sought to put Him to death. He bore the heavy Cross without a murmur until it crushed Him to the ground; He gave no sign of the pain He suffered when the spikes were driven through His hands and feet and the spear thrust into His side. At none of these tortures did He open His mouth in a word of complaint.

Can We Doubt Such Divinity?

But, bless Him, how instantly, notwithstanding all His own suffering, He turned to the penitent thief with the comforting assurance: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Jesus asked nothing for Himself, but He prayed that the Father would forgive His murderers. Can we doubt such Divinity? Can't we see in this the reason that there are no atheists in

foxholes—and why there should be none elsewhere, for that matter?

What a Man! What a Saviour! He must have been God come down to woo His children back to Himself! How can we doubt this?

IN Christian countries overseas the graves of several million men are marked by crosses. Theirs, too, was innocent blood, shed for the peace of the whole world. But, praise God, because Jesus died and lives again, they, too, shall live! Mothers and sons will meet again where there is no more death, "And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads."

If we are ever tempted to deny Him, let us look at the face of Jesus as the cock crew, and He knew that Peter had denied Him.

If we are tempted to draw away from bearing our crosses, we ought to crowd closer through the mob howling for His death and watch Jesus fall under the weight of the Cross which He voluntarily bore to Calvary that our sins might be under His blood.

If we are tempted to refrain, for love of the world, from going all the way with Him, let us draw a bit closer to the Cross and hear Jesus cry with a note of triumph in His voice: "It is finished!" He went all the way, even unto death, for us.

AN anonymous writer has given us this picture of Christ's Ascension, after forty days spent with His disciples following His Resurrection: "Whenever I think of the death and Resurrection of Jesus there comes up a vision that floods out every other thing. It is of Jesus Himself standing on the hilltop. His face is all scarred and marred, thorn-torn and thorn-cut; but it is beautiful. Those great eyes are looking out so yearningly, as though they were seeing men—the ones nearest and those farthest . . . His arm is outstretched, with the hand pointing outward. And I cannot miss the rough, jagged hole in the palm. He is saying, 'Go ye!' The attitude, the scars, the eyes looking, the hand pointing, the voice speaking—all are saying so intently, 'Go ye!'"

And up from all walks of life where sin has ruined men and women and children, come to us the
(Continued on page 10)



The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep

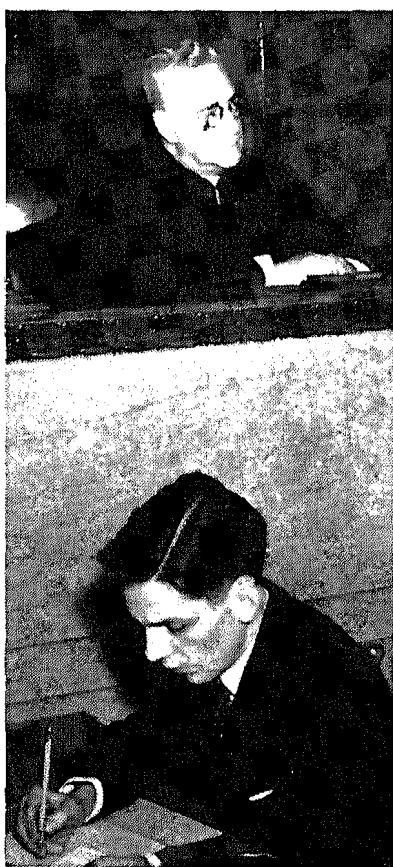
Painting by Sallman

BENEFITING HUMANITY EVERYWHERE

Some of The Army's Many-sided Services Pictorially Presented



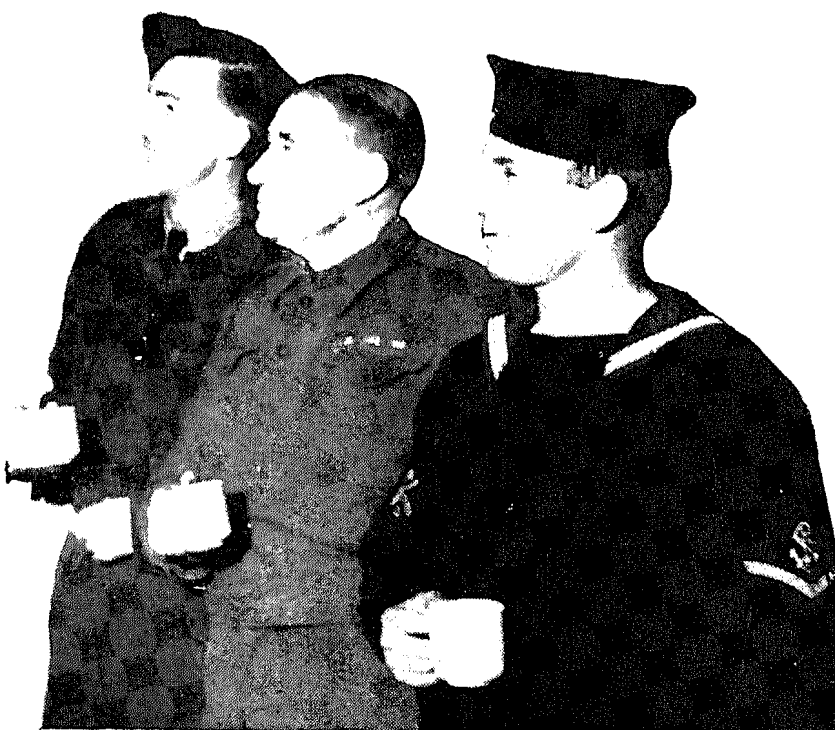
Upper: Efficient and careful service is the keynote of The Army's Hospital work carried on in practically every city of Canada and Newfoundland



Right: Most appreciative regard The Army's Police Court Officer as their right-hand man



A smiling quartet at a Children's Home ("The Nest") display their dollies



Always appreciative of The Army's work during two great wars, men of the services "drop in" at a Rehabilitation Centre for the cheering cup of tea



Hundreds of children enjoy health-giving periods at The Army's Fresh-Air Camps. The Territorial Commander, Commissioner B. Orames, is caught by the camera during a visit to one of these citizen-making centres

Right: A worker serves refreshments to homeless men at a Men's Hostel, where they also receive a clean bed and bathing facilities



Left: Women in the sunset period of life stroll with a visiting officer in the garden of an Eventide Home

WE Would See Jesus

BY THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

THIS question was one of many raised by the Greeks with the disciples of Jesus during the time our Lord walked this earth. The exact reason for the request is not given in the Scripture, but it is easy to understand that a people who

would certainly want to see for themselves the One who, it was reported, gave sight to the blind, restored sanity to the maniac, brought back to life one from amongst the dead, and Who preached doctrines so wonderful that men marvelled at them.

Perhaps the earnest enquirers had sought for Jesus amongst the elite of the day, or in the halls of learning, not knowing that He loved the poor, and that the "world by wisdom knew not God."

Surely, One who was a healer, preacher, miracle worker, teacher, and friend of little children, and Who moved in such a narrow geographical area, and Who worked all His works in public or in the Temple, could easily have been located; and yet these seekers came to Christ's friends asking for Him.

Perhaps the secret lay here: they sought for Him in the wrong place. When the visitors arrived at the tomb on that first Easter morning and asked for Jesus, the Angel sitting by the door of the tomb answered, "He is not here, He is risen. Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

How hard was it for Jesus to convince men that He had not come to found an earthly Kingdom. One who proclaimed Himself the Son of God, it was thought, would surely be found amongst the great and mighty. Who would have sought Him weeping in a little garden at midnight, or apprehended as an evil-doer, suffering pain and re-



COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

were so advanced in the arts and sciences, and who were so fond of oratory and so highly civilized,



"I am He that liveth, and was dead: and behold, I am alive for evermore"

BEHOLD THE SAVIOUR

Andante M. 66

Verses by Samuel Wesley

1. Be-hold the Sa-viour of man-kind Nail'd to the shame-ful tree, How vast the love that Him in-clin'd To bleed-and die for thee! O Thou dear suf-f'ring Lamb-of God, Who gavo Thy-self for me, Now plunge me in Thy cleans-ing Blood, And make-me all like Thee.

proach in Pilate's Judgment Hall, or hanging as a felon on a gibbet between two thieves? And yet these were the very places where He was to be found during the last earthly hours that followed His betrayal by one of His professed followers. Truly "God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts."

Are there not those today who would see Jesus, but only wish to see Him to satisfy their curiosity; or because it is considered good form, or in order to be thought respectable, or perhaps helpful to business?

AGAIN, are there not others who seek Him amongst the formalities of religion, and associate Him with the grave-clothes and the material things containing a real danger, as some use these things as an end instead of a means to an end? "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

And where is Jesus today? In kings' palaces and presidential homes? Yes, we believe this, but is He not also by the side of the bereaved mother, or sorrowing sisters, or blind beggar, or helpless paralytic, or mothers of wee babies — just as He was 2,000 years ago? Most certainly He is! Indeed, wherever there is a truly-repentant drunkard, a lost

woman, an erring child, there He is seeking to save the lost. War, tempests, starvation, misunderstandings there are in the world to-day, but over and above all these discordant sounds can be heard the voice of the risen Saviour saying, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." And let us remember, too, that we either give up all and accept Christ, or we do not have Him at all.

AMONG California's many beautiful buildings is one which, viewed from some angles, is the most beautiful of all. It is a structure in Forest Lawn Memorial Park. In that unusual and beautiful Mausoleum is Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper," recreated in stained glass—a copy of the original painting as it stood on the wall of a little church in old Milan.

Viewing this masterpiece one day I listened intently to a lecturer describing the original picture and

(Continued on page 13)

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; George L. Carpenter, General; Benjamin Orames, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 1.

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'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive My soul!" He cries.
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head, and dies.

But soon He'll break death's en-vious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?



Bending over a charcoal burner, this Chinese citizen presents a picturesque spectacle

THE boom of gunfire crept nearer. Stories of cruelty were filtering through. The wee village of the Chang family lay in the direct pathway of advancing enemy troops sweeping over the district like a bushfire. What was to be done? Even the old fortune-teller was disturbed as he nervously fingered his time-worn and soiled cards.

Certainly distress had enveloped this little village before, flood, famine, and banditry taking its toll; but had not this enhanced rather than hindered his business. Now the village people seemed dazed and bewildered and even his machinations failed to attract.

The popular tiny temple of "Kuan Yin Pu Sa" (Goddess of Mercy), too, down by the village well appeared strangely deserted. True, the face of the goddess remained calm and serene but the tawdry hangings, discolored and limp, blown to and fro by the wind, seemed to mock rather than comfort the poor villagers in this their hour of dire need. Yes, a disaster of a character hitherto unknown might descend upon the peaceful habitation within a few hours. The fortune-teller and the goddess together with others of their kind are forgotten and must take care of themselves.

Decisions must now be made and acted upon. The village head strongly urges evacuation and the word spreads like fire. Bulky reed baskets are hastily taken from shelves and corners and filled with the few precious belongings. Large pieces of cloth are procured and also packed to capacity, money being carefully hidden away.

Epic Pilgrimage Stories

Finally a few hard cakes are prepared—then with wistful faces and heavy hearts, the villagers turn their backs upon home. Some will go to nearby hamlets off the main track to stay with relatives. But many will prefer to go further afield, among them, old people, mothers with wee children and the blind and sick. Yes, they will sacrifice much in order to find peace and freedom. What epic stories could be told of each pilgrimage, stories of pathos. What courage, determination and patience! Many will never reach their destination and numberless unknown graves lie in the wake of the journey.

Only three days ago I met a young man who had been reduced to dire poverty. Before the upheaval, a little business had brought comfort and support to him and his. Then the blow fell. Perforce they joined the great trek, mother, wife, two little ones and himself. The rigors of the journey had been too much for the old lady and death



RESURRECTION HOPE

A Missionary Story from China



had brought release. One of the little ones had breathed its last on that long road. Yet, he was uncomplaining, grateful, too, that a few dollars were available for his need.

But there was one young man, who, in his quest for freedom, discovered a freedom he had known nothing about—in Jesus. True, it was on his deathbed, but the Christ who saved the dying thief, we believe saved Chang, too. When the decision to stay or flee had to be taken in his home, love for the old homestead prevailed upon his parents to stay, but he was young and knowing life was endangered by remaining, turned his face West. Slowly he made his way to this distant province of Szechuan—over mountains and rivers, braving the rigors of winter and the scorching heat of summer, through dangers of bombings, bandits and vermin as well as hunger. God, in His mercy brought him safely through. . . . Not long after, feeling the need of a home, Chang took to himself a wife.

For a young man of Chang's type, unconnected as he was, the finding of work suitable to his physique would be somewhat difficult. Finally, however, he managed to get a job as a warder in a local prison. It is questionable if he knew the many temptations that would beset him in this occupation, and just how far he yielded to sin, we don't know. However, the very tragic climax came when one day a prisoner escaped, and in a short time he found himself in the prisoner's place.

Languished in the Prison House

Had proof been found that he was actually guilty, Chang's lot may have been somewhat more tolerable. He would at least have known the situation and thus be able to claim food due to a condemned prisoner. As matters now stood, he was neither one thing or the other and those who know anything about China will realize how unenviable was his position. And so week after week he languished in the prison house. Ill-housed and undernourished he soon fell prey to the dread ravages of tuberculosis. Truly a sad plight!

Previous to this sad occurrence, Mrs. Chang had come under the influence of the Gospel and was at-

tending Salvation Army meetings. In her trouble, comrades rallied round, food was found for her to take her husband and prayer was made. The Officer was able to visit the prison and it was during these visits that the Light dawned upon Chang's soul and he found Christ as his Saviour. But his newly-found freedom was not long to be enjoyed in this world for the Merciful Father called him to the perfect freedom of Heaven. There was sadness but it was mingled with gratitude.

I was asked to arrange for the funeral. To explain in detail all that was involved in such a task would fill many pages. Whilst in the laying to rest of a Christian we are able to dispense with superstitious rites and practices, yet, that

body? In a few words we try to enlighten them—poor benighted souls!—Our service over, we commit them to God. But we have a considerable distance to go and a wide river has to be crossed so the carriers taking rope, sling the coffin on the carrying pole and lead the way. We follow along, through narrow streets, up and down stone steps. Everywhere teems with life. Yes, here is a further reminder of death crossing the very threshold of people's homes yet they hardly bestow a glance as we pass. After all, why should they when thousands of souls are herded together in dark, cramped streets; this is a common occurrence. Eventually we reach the river.

On the River Bank

Like us the carriers anticipate certain difficulties before this river can be crossed and already they have eased themselves of the burden. (Seems sad that even the last earthly journey of the tired body cannot be taken in peace.) Half a dozen boats are tied to the bank and angry shouts proceed from a group of soldiers unwilling to yield to unscrupulous boatmen. Their threatenings win for them the day. We must try more peaceable methods. But one would think that the sight of a poor widow following her husband to the grave might excite pity—but no! Rather the opposite proves the case. That there is no turning back from a journey such as this is known to these boatmen, mercenary at heart, they determine to press home their advantage, and the fact that we are in a hurry merely aggravates the situation.

So, the stage is set for action. Down go the boatmen on their haunches—out come the long pipes and the smoke curls upward—this to impress us that they, and not we, control the situation. Bargaining starts. A live person may cross on payment of forty dollars, but to take a coffin will cost more. Your price, we ask. Two thousand dollars! Our unaffected surprise does not disturb them in the least. We offer one thousand but a deadlock results.

As the sun moves over to the west, our anxiety increases. We make an offer of twelve hundred dollars. Accompanied by a deal of (Continued on page 10)

By . . .
Major John Wells

fact alone creates problems. Everything connected with a funeral, though simple, is still unusual and cuts across age-long tradition. In spite of this Mrs. Chang wanted a Christian burial and the possible scorn of neighbors failed to alarm.

Even in a funeral, bargaining is necessary almost throughout; our first step, therefore, was to bargain for a simple black coffin and the hiring of four men to carry the coffin and dig the grave upon arrival. This done and other preparations completed our little group, which included mourners, the Chinese Lieutenant, Helper and myself met outside the wee room that had been the Chang's home. We formed a small circle outside the room, the coffin, being placed in the centre. Being a thickly populated neighborhood the crowd soon gathered and our service began.

What questionings fill the minds of these onlookers. Where are the firecrackers to expel the evil demons that eagerly await the opportunity to snatch the souls of the departed? Where the mourning dresses of white unbleached calico? Where the incense and paper money for burning? Why is there no kneeling and bowing before the



A Chinese Salvation Army Officer goes his rounds, dispensing relief to needy families

They Still Speak

IT is indeed fortunate that Edison invented that marvellous invention, the phonograph, before The Army Founder passed to his Reward, for multitudes of present-day Salvationists and Army friends, who never had the opportunity of hearing him speak in person, have since enjoyed hearing his forceful and penetrating voice reciting "The Swellings of Jordan," a rare favorite of his, and his inimitable story, "More Rope." In fact, it is not too much to say that more people have heard his voice after death than ever those who heard it in life.

The phonograph in one form or another—in greater use than ever—over the radio or electrically amplified in the home or public hall, was Edison's favorite invention, and there is but little question that it has brought pleasure to uncounted millions and will continue to do so. It has captured the voices of great statesmen, kings and queens

wax cylinders the voices of statesmen, kings and queens still live, just as the wizard of Menlo Park wished. But they would have been stilled forever except for the efforts of stocky, blue-eyed Robert Vincent who for fifteen years has been ransacking attics and cellars for forgotten records.

They're all there to-day, in Vincent's National Vocarium—the voices of Queen Victoria speaking to the Abyssinians, Robert Peary telling how he discovered the North Pole, Mark Twain, Caruso of the golden voice; W. Gladstone, Marconi, Will Rogers, Henry M. Stanley ("Dr. Livingstone, I presume"); Disraeli, Florence Nightingale, and many others.

Discovered by Accident

The invention that made all this possible, like so many others, was discovered by chance. Edison was working on the automatic telegraph repeater, a cylindrical-shaped instrument which revolved slowly. Somehow additional current turned

The Voices of Great Men and Women, Including The Army Founder, Still Live Through Edison's Great Invention Over Half a Century Ago

The deep, vigorous, penetrating voice of the Army Founder, though recorded decades ago, still stirs the hearts of listeners

Edison, in his South Orange, New Jersey, home, Miller brought out an old wax cylinder that had been gathering dust in the cellar for years.

"Here's the bugle call that sounded the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' Bob."

Vincent brought the record back to New York. It had been made in London on August 2, 1890, at Edison's instigation by Trumpeter Kenneth Landfrey, one of the few survivors of that famous charge, on the same trumpet that he had used that fatal day. Incidentally, the bugle also was sounded at the Battle of Waterloo.

Vincent and his associate worked until the small hours of the morning before the restored record sounded once again the notes which sent the six hundred into the valley of death. "I want to tell you it was some thrill to hear it," Vincent said. "It sure was spooky and gave us goose pimples."

Vincent has another record connected with Balaklava where that charge was made. It's the voice of the first great nurse, saying: "When

I am no longer even a memory, just a name, I hope my voice brings to history the great work of my life. God bless my dear old comrades of Balaklava and bring them safe to shore."—Florence Nightingale.

Such messages are reaching schools and colleges throughout the land to-day, giving a picture in sound, as additional insight into the personalities and characteristics of historical characters.

Recorded sound effects, incidentally, are nothing new. Mr. Vincent has Big Ben tolling ten-thirty, ten-forty-five, and eleven o'clock on July 16, 1888. It sounds the same to-day.

Vincent takes great pride in his work because he thinks that through it: "Mr. Edison's wish is being fulfilled—and the voices of our great people shall not vanish from the earth."

Multiplied Blessings

SALVATION ARMY recordings of instrumental and vocal music have brought inspiration and blessing to numberless listeners and are of growing popularity. Radio stations in Canada and elsewhere

use them frequently and their influence is thus increased a million-fold. Some of the sweetest and best music to be heard is recorded on the discs, which are obtainable at The Army's Trade Department.

and notables in the realm of aural and musical art, and these recordings are not only for living generations, but also for posterity.

Edison and his "insomnia squad," however, never dreamed that the cylindrical instrument that they turned out in three laborious days and sleepless nights would one day give out some of the so-called music of to-day. Far from it! Edison thought: "It will henceforth be possible to preserve for future generations, the voices, as well as the words of our Washingtons, our Lincolns and our Gladstones, so that they may be heard in every town and hamlet in the world..."

And they can be!

Some Historic Recordings

On the sixteenth floor of the Time and Life Building, New York, on some two thousand honey-colored

the machine so much faster that a point accidentally touching it created an almost human sound.

Edison made a sketch which he gave to John Kruesi, saying, "Make this." Kruesi did, and when he had finished he wanted to know what the machine was supposed to do. Edison's one answer was, "Talk!" To test the model Edison shouted into it: "Mary had a little lamb." A few minutes later, to the complete astonishment of his assistant, the machine shouted right back at him: "Mary had a little lamb."

The phonograph was born.

It created a sensation. Edison took it to Washington to play it for President Hayes. Hayes was so excited that he awakened his wife in the middle of the night to hear this marvel.

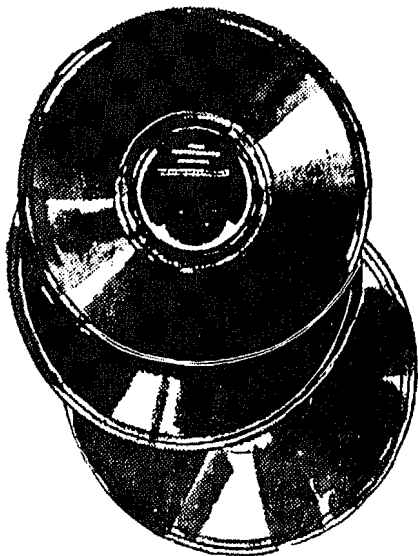
However, no one at that time realized the phonograph's future, that one day through its magic, presidents, singers, bands and symphony orchestras would be heard in the living rooms of the world.

Edison used the phonograph to collect famous voices, to play practical jokes and to substitute for letter writing. In collecting voices, the great inventor who didn't like to write letters sent "phonograms" to his London agent, George E. Gouraud. When Gouraud played them, he heard verses like this:

"Gouraud, agent of my choice,
Bid my balance sheets rejoice,
Send me Mr. Gladstone's voice."

That voice can be heard to-day in the Time and Life Building. Vincent got it without much difficulty from one of Edison's descendants. But most of his records took a lot of digging to unearth, and bringing them back to sound was often most difficult of all.

One evening when Vincent was visiting Walter Miller, associate of



In the Beginning... God

MODERN inventions seem to be just new discoveries of ideas which existed in our world from its creation. Consider the following as a basis for proving the point that "God did it first":

The axe comes to us from the primitive man, and he saw the idea in a wedge-like stone which belonged to the Stone Age.

Making paper of wood-pulp has been hailed as a modern invention; but the truth is that a New England miller discovered its possibilities while dissecting a hornet's nest.

The family physician carries in his bag a hypodermic syringe; but the idea for the "hypo" was borrowed from the sting of the scorpion, one of the earliest creatures of the rocks.

South Sea Islanders have a tradition that their forefathers copied their sailboat from the nautilus, a small shellfish which has a membrane in the form of a sail which it erects for the wind to carry it across the bounding wave.

Dr. Bell, who conducted his experiments in Canada, got his idea of the telephone from the ear of living things, and every telephone has its eardrum for receiving the waves of sound.

The Wright brothers studied long the hearts and wings of birds to find the secret of flying.

Eastman plucked his idea of the modern camera from the human eye, which is self-focusing, self-loading and self-developing, and produces pictures in color every time we open our eyelids.

The beavers were building dams across

rivers and suspension bridges over brooks and wigwags of poles, brush and mud before Adam and Eve were building their home in the Garden of Eden.

Our units of measure are also borrowed from natural objects: a "foot" is the measure of a human footprint in the sand; a "digit" is the word for a finger; the idea of ten digits seems to come from our ten fingers and toes.

The vital parts of our automobile are copied from the human body: The motor is a crude type of the valvular heart, with its wonderful spark plug which may not go dead for eighty years—if kept from the brain with its network of nerves, while its "intake," "filter" and "exhaust" are imitations of functions in the physical body.

Science tells us that there are 310 movements in the realm of mechanics, and all of these are found in the body of man: for example, levers, bars, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels, axles, beams, girders, trusses, arches, columns.

A spider web strung across a garden path suggested the suspension bridge. A lantern swinging in a tower was the start of the pendulum. An apple falling from a tree was the cause of discovering the law of gravitation.

Looking through his telescope one starlit night, Kepler in ecstasy cried out, "O God, I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee!" The Psalmist said: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers... what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Edward F. Randolph.



A view of the Garden of Gethsemane as it appears today

JUST north of Jerusalem, across the Jericho Road, is a lovely green place known as the Garden Tomb. It was purchased some time ago by the British nation, which has assumed responsibility for its upkeep. Here is a tomb that many authorities hold was the actual burial-place of our Lord. The traditional tomb, of course, is inside the city, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I visited that place on the last afternoon I was in Jerusalem, and confess I found it something of a bedlam. It is occupied by five branches of the Christian Church, each one having its assigned portion. There was rivalry at one time for possession of the keys of this Church, but ultimately some wise person decided that they should be held by a Moslem family. So now a little seat just inside the door is reserved for the Moslem holder of the sacred keys!

I fear that I had neither time nor scholarship sufficient accurately to weigh the rival claims of these two sites—but personally I feel that the Garden Tomb was the place where He was buried and certainly in my reflections henceforth I shall think of that quiet, gentle place rather than the noisy Church with its gaudy trimmings and jangling groups.

As Did the Disciples

The Garden Tomb fits exactly the description of the tomb of our Lord given in the Bible. Seven people can comfortably stand in its outer chamber and see into the burial room. Of over 7,000 tombs around Jerusalem, it is the only one in which you can clearly see the interior if you stoop at the doorway and look in, as did some of the disciples (John 20:4-5).

In other tombs when the entrance is filled with one's body all light is cut off and the interior is in darkness. But here there is an ancient shaft cut through the rock that lets light directly into the funeral chamber, making it independent of the doorway for its illumination.

As I stood in that tomb an indescribable sense of awe came over me. I reflected that in all probability it was here that my Lord had lain, in this very chamber, and from here He arose from the dead. The grooves into which the heavy stone door had been fitted were still to be seen at the entrance to the tomb—but the door itself was gone.

There is proof that this garden belonged to a wealthy man in Christ's day, for the winepress which was an indispensable part of a wealthy man's garden has been uncovered. It lies not far from the tomb. The upper portion is like a large bath, and in it the juice was

trodden out of the grapes by bare-footed servants. It flowed down into a small vat, which is in an equally good state of preservation.

Just above the Garden Tomb lies a hill on which stands a Moslem cemetery. This hill is known as "Gordon's Calvary." I hold it to be the authentic Calvary, rather than the traditional site within the walls. One can discern the outlines of a skull in the stone cliff that fronts the Jericho Road. I understand that

by ..

Major C. D. Wiseman

Formerly General Representative for Canadian Red Shield Services Overseas, and now Divisional Commander for Newfoundland

the resemblance was much more distinct before the 1927 earthquake. It is still called by the Jews the "Place of Stoning," and it is known that the Romans used the Jewish "Place of Stoning" for their crucifixions. No excavating work can be done on the site because of the cemetery. It probably is a good thing that the cemetery is there, for otherwise pious church-builders would have the hill covered with rival fanes. Those people who want to erect a church over all outdoor places where God did great things are well meaning, no doubt, but they rob such sites of much of their natural significance for many sincere pilgrims.

We gave a bit of backsheesh to the cemetery attendant, and walked to the top of the hill. The idea that

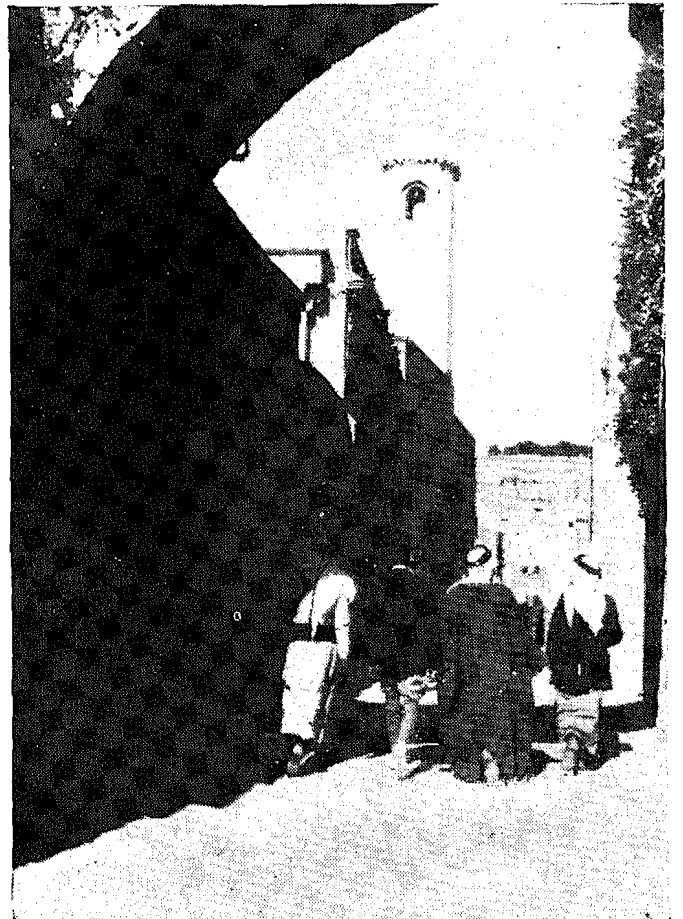
this was Calvary suddenly occurred to General Gordon one day as he was studying the hill from a distance. He saw the outline of the skull so clearly—and later investi-

gations brought to light certain facts that serve to strengthen his conviction. Perhaps we shall never know with any certainty where Calvary and the Tomb were situated, but I shall always think reverently of that quiet Garden Tomb and the hill behind it from now on.

The hill is covered with white graves, that look like large stone boxes, with flowers growing in them. It was evening as three of us stood on that hill. Down below stretched the busy Jericho road, and beyond it the jutting rock of Mount Moriah. The sun was setting, its golden

streams pouring radiantly over Jerusalem. Cool winds blew, and it seemed as though an unearthly quality settled upon the world as we stood there. In my

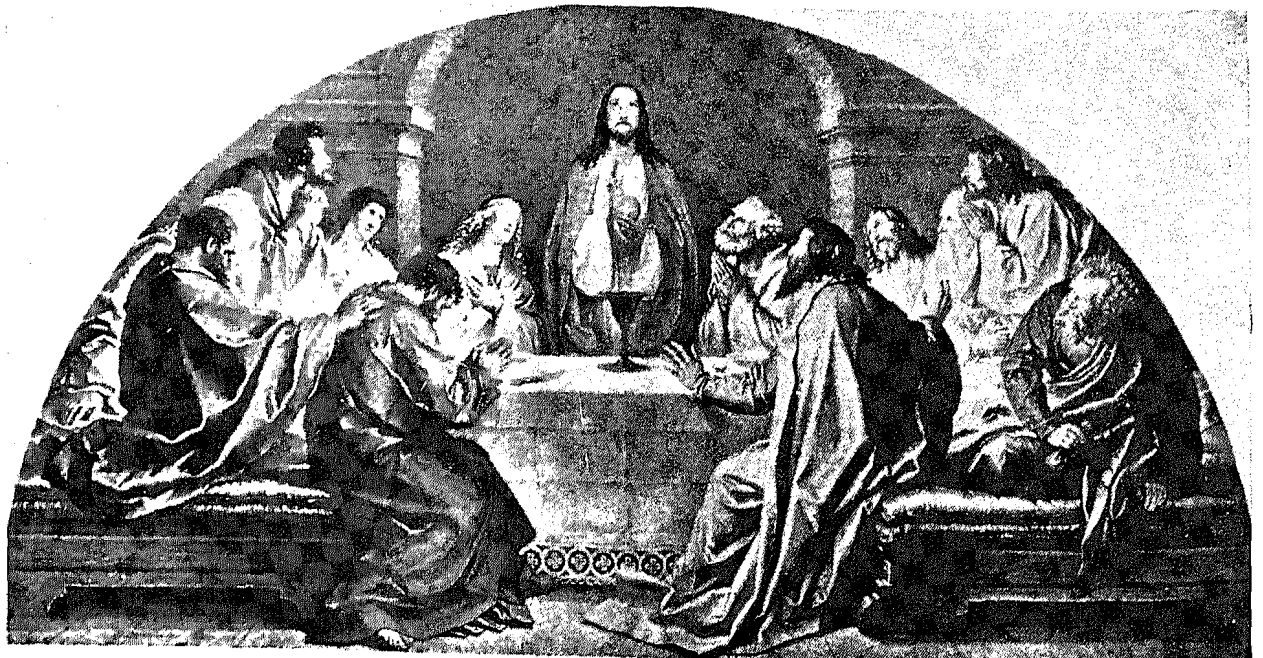
imagination, the road, the walls, the sun faded out and I was back 2,000 years and could see the crosses on the hill where I stood, and on the middle cross the form of One in



The "Via Dolorosa," or Way of Sorrow, along which Christ carried the cross on His way to Calvary. During the Passion and Easter season thousands of visitors pass through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, along which the Saviour often made His way

Whose footsteps I had been walking the past few days. . . . And below me, just over the brow of the hill, there to the right, lay an empty

(Continued on page 13)

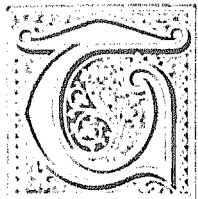


THE LAST SUPPER, by F. K. Baumeister

Consider Him!

AN EASTER MESSAGE FROM THE ARMY'S
INTERNATIONAL LEADER

General George L. Carpenter



THESE two words occur amidst some of the most sublime language in the Bible. The writer to the Hebrews is pointing to the Christian Pilgrim's path, to be run "with patience" looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

We are to set our course by that Pattern. He began and He ends. He was the beginning and He is the glorious culmination. If we on the way have any hardness, what is that beside His cross which He endured? If we feel that we know any shame and do not unduly resent it, what is that beside the example of the glorious and strong Son of God who "despised" the shame—thought nothing of it?

If we at times cannot see our way, nor feel too sure about the final goal, there is He before us, "set down at the right hand of the throne of God." He who most lovingly told His disciples that He was "going on ahead" to prepare a place for us that where He is, there may we be.

And if we still falter and are afraid, we are to "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself."

The gentle injunction, for it is little more than that, is seen to be necessary when we recollect how far we travel without much thought of Him. Some of us go through our religious exercises day after day and week after week, in the way we have been trained, without pausing to see into the terrible majesty of the prospect before us.

We are like travellers in a long-distance plane, eating and dozing without an ear for the inner message of the engine, as it speaks of conquest over space and time by long and costly struggle, or an eye for the unfolding heavens around, lit with the fires of the firmament.

But Easter gives us a little time to think. We cannot scurry by Calvary. The invitation:

*"Oh, come and look awhile on Him,
Whom we have pierced, Who for us died";*

is one which we must heed at Eastertide.

IF we were asked to consider God, the Creator, maker of Heaven and Earth, we might well be in despair, crying that it would be death to

behold Him. Our finite minds have no means of measuring His power, His majesty or His glory. "Is not God in the height of the Heaven. And behold the height of the stars, how high they are! And thou sayest, How doth God know? Can He judge through the dark?" We could well join in Job's ancient cry, "Oh, that one would hear me! Behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me."

Much of the law of the universe has been discovered since those words were written, but of God the Creator we know little more than the ancient ones. Many of us know far less.

We are not, however, left to speculation and philosophies. We see God clearly in the face of Christ. Consider Him, the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, "the Word made flesh, dwelling among men (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth."

Consider Him, dwelling among men, sharing human circumstances, including birth in "emergency" conditions; in the prime of His physical strength, and as a felon suffering the cruelties which a callous occupying power devised to strengthen its grip upon turbulent peoples.

None of the primary experiences of men were missed by Him. Relatively speaking, it was no more easy for Jesus to triumph than for us. The same principles of choice and trust were necessary for Him as for us.

We must never lose sight of that humble manger in Bethlehem, of the long weary journey back to Nazareth out of the sands of Egypt, where the little evacuee had dwelt.

Though Mary might have carried with her the precious gifts of the Wise Men, they were no guarantee of friendship and comfort in Egypt. We know to-day how little money can do in softening the wounds made by flight from home into strange homes and countries.

THE Child Jesus had a background of trial and uncertainty. He grew up among brothers and sisters in a small, despised village and knew far more of the strain and weariness of occupation than we often imagine.

His was by no means idyllic childhood, full of



ECCE HOMO
(Behold the Man)

blue skies, pretty flowers and lofty sentiments.

He was, humanly speaking, a Son of cruel times and must often have had to struggle to maintain His realization of His relationship with God.

In this matter we come very close to our Lord, for one of the great spiritual maladies of the day is the loss of faith that God has an interest in the individual, and a plan for him.

We are often tempted to abandon our belief that amid the mighty movements of a universe whose power is ever more clearly seen, one

General G. L. Carpenter is shown at his desk in London where The Army's International Headquarters are situated.



small soul can even be known, let alone be of any use.

Yet, if we are lost there, we are lost almost everywhere. If we do not matter to God, how can we matter to ourselves?

My own soul has been more assailed upon this matter of faith that the individual is of importance than upon any other.

How could I, with all my shortcomings, frailties, inconstancies and weakness, be of any value to God? How could my defeat or victory matter?

I have often had to turn from such questionings to consider Him who, for the re-assuring of hosts of us, told of the sparrows which are known to God.

When we accept the truth that such consideration gives us step into the realm of victory and value to the Kingdom of God. The contradiction of sinners then becomes, as it was with Jesus, an opportunity for ministering to them.

I RECALL a notable convert in Buenos Aires who had been a gambler and atheist, earning by his ways the unenviable description of "a crook."

One day a Salvationist met him near an open-air meeting and spoke to him about the power of Christ. The gambler was incensed and cast off the soul-seeker with many imprecations. In reply the Salvationist said kindly, "God bless (Continued on page 12)"

The Child Christ grew up . . . in a small despised village and later knew far more of the strain and weariness of occupation than we often imagine. (Painting by Millais)



STUDY IN CONTRASTS.—Brightening days—the harbinger of Spring delights

THE SINGER *in the* RAIN



A Lesson Linked Up With a God-sent Feathered Songster

IN Proverbs 20:12, we read: "The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them."

Owing to severe deafness, the hearing ear has been denied me for many years. But, in compensation, I thank God for the gift of the seeing eye; thus many precious lessons come through eye-gate which I try to keep always open, lessons from small things, everyday happenings, trees, flowers, birds, clouds, sunrise and sunsets.

One priceless lesson is linked up with a telephone pole and a song-thrush. The telephone pole is situated at our front gate. There is nothing beautiful about it; it is there for service, not an ornament, though since war came and the black-out it has now a white dress in the hope of preventing pedestrians from flattening their noses against its unyielding sturdiness.

Like many good telephone poles, it has a tiny roof, an inverted V of wood to prevent wet from splitting the pole. During last spring and early summer a thrush selected this small roof for his platform, and good and frequent use he made of it. By 6 a.m. or before, he would be there and he was an exceptionally good songster. I named him Orpheus, although he carried no lute, indeed he did not need one, or any accompaniment, orchestral or otherwise.

Scores of times at the early hour mentioned, my husband would say, "Your bird is there," and I just had to get out of bed and see. He was there so often and sang so lustily he compelled thoughts as to the nature of his song. He had a nest and mate and baby thrushes not far

away; his was a fond song of love.

Any human who has looked into a thrush's nest, all complete with its babies, would scarcely regard them as sufficiently inspiring to sing about. But he sang because he loved them. Further, they needed a tremendous lot of food; the spring was a very dry one, and worms were scarce.

It was hard work providing for them. But in the interval, between frequent meals, he sang on.

But the lesson came one Saturday morning; when it poured with rain, and when I put the milk bottles out after breakfast—there he was—the feathers on his back and wings nearly black with wet, but the same—exactly the same—melody as when the sun shone.

Oh, little bird what a lesson you

taught me! I, too, must learn not only to weather the storms of life but to sing through them.

With Christ in the vessel

We'll sing through the storm.

The Psalmist speaks of songs in the night. He did not mean just darkness—physical darkness, but the night of sorrow, unfaithfulness in family and friends.

Paul and Silas sang praises in the inner prison with their feet in the stocks.

These are the songs that make the greatest impression on the people around us.

These are the songs that cause as much joy among the angels as a repentant sinner. These are the songs our Heavenly Father loves to hear; they worthily magnify His Name.—E.D.Z.

BID HIM ENTER

The following is the original poem from which the well-known song, "Knocking, knocking, Who is there?" was adapted.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock!"
(Revelation 3:20)

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knock-
ing!

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before!
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
Undo the door!

No; the door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go.

Wherefore, with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him, No.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What? Still there?

Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crowned hair:

And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there!
Open! Open! Once behold Him,
Him so fair!

Ah, that door! Why wilt Thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine!
Weeds of years and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! Knocking! What? Still knock-
ing?

He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest.

Resurrection Hope

(Continued from page 6)

grumbling they lower their price by two hundred dollars.

The craft doing ferry service would beggar description and our biggest wonder is that it floats at all, but it has crossed this old Yangtze river many times and is most probably good for a number more. Our little party gingerly steps aboard. Safely across the final part of our journey faces us—a steep hillside.

Stretching away over this and adjoining hills we see thousands of coneshaped mounds, unmarked graves. No charge is demanded for burying on these hills—the poor or the outsider may be laid to rest free of charge. Yes, one might well call this melancholy place the hill of the forgotten dead. But where can we lay our brother? Mound touches mound on every side.

At last a narrow place is found between two mounds, and somewhat reluctantly the spot is agreed upon. Implements are borrowed, or rather hired and preparations complete we gather around the open grave for the final service.

Hope On Every Face

The sun is now shining, the murk of the city is beneath us, its noise hushed. Hope is clearly written on every face. Listen to the glad song. "There is a Better World, they say," and the short committal service couched in simple Chinese terms. What a contrast from the hopeless wails that for centuries have echoed over those sad hills. Praise God for the Christian hope!

And so we take leave of the tired, weary body resting there in the bosom of Mother Earth, and unconsciously as we turn away, our hearts are lifted heavenward in the belief that our brother has entered in the fulness of joy prepared for all that love Christ.

What a Saviour!

(Continued from page 3)

answering cries—from the slums, and from the alleys next to our own houses maybe—"You're such a long time coming!"

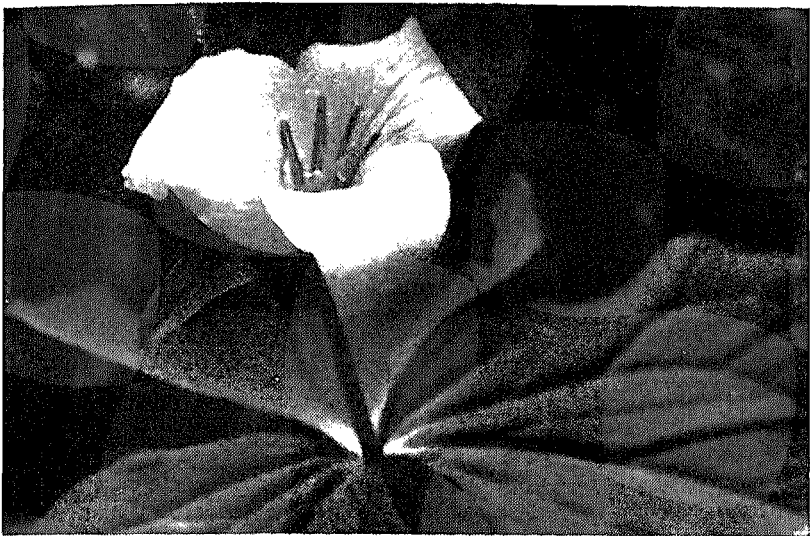
Shall we not go with the warm throbbing of His heart ever against our own. Then there will go out of ourselves and out of our lives new purity and power to touch men's hearts. This is Jesus reaching dying sinners through us. The rarest tribute that I have ever received, during a third of a century of work for Him among the worst, was from a drunken outcast who said: "I know you; you're the Jesus man over on the Bowery." What a wonderful epitaph that would be to mark my last resting place: "The Jesus man of the Bowery!"

By Harriet
Beecher
Stowe



Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest,
Rest—ah!—rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure—
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping.
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,
The true gifts He brings have seemed
More than all thy faded dreaming!



The Trillium, a lovely wild flower found in Ontario, and an emblem of the Province



Roses of many varieties grow in the Dominion from early to late summer especially in the mild climate at the Pacific Coast



Delicate and rare orchids are grown in Canada's hot-houses and are to be seen periodically displayed in florists' windows



A field of large daisies makes a pleasant sight from an adjacent highway



FLOWERS

that are **FAIR**

A Page of Pictorial Interest
to Blossom-Lovers

Right: Rock
gardens and
lily pools
abound in many
parts of the
Dominion





Life and Immortality Brought to Light

CHRIST LED CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE, AND GAVE GIFTS UNTO MEN

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY



Colonel A. Layman

IN the New Testament story of the raising of Lazarus, we see beautifully portrayed the humanity of Jesus sympathizing with the sorrowing Martha and Mary; but we see, too, Jesus, in all the majesty and power of His Divinity, conquering death.

When Jesus answered the appeal of the distressed sisters, and made the journey from beyond Jordan to Bethany near Jerusalem, in order that He might deliver Lazarus from the grip of death, He gave to them, and consequently to all the world, the most comforting declaration in all the Bible: "I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die" (John 11:25, 26). For, as Jesus called His friend back from the sepulchre of decay, He demonstrated to all succeeding generations the fact of man's ultimate resurrection.

We read that, preceding the miracle, "Jesus wept." There are two reasons why He did this:

He wept over human sorrow.
He wept over human sin.

Christ wept over human sorrow

you!" The "crook" was shaken by the words. He walked off muttering to himself, "I cursed him, and he blessed me." The thought stayed with him. On the following Sunday he was at The Salvation Army open-air meeting again, this time to kneel in the ring to seek the power he saw in the convert whom he had cursed. He became a wonderful Salvationist.

ONE of the most trying manifestations of the "contradiction of sinners" is the imputing of wrong motives. We feel that kind of wound most deeply.

Open opposition can be invigorating, like the buffeting wind. We can enjoy the conflict with Goliath when he strides out in clanking armor, and with stentorian voice threatens to make short work of us.

But when anyone suggests we are "making a good thing out of it," much grace is needed to deny ourselves the heated retort or the disgusted surrender.

Considering Him, we learn how to conquer even there, for He "reviled not again." It would have been easy for Him to have scourged that vulgar, evil crowd with eloquent and searching tongue. But mastery was unshaken in the hour of greatest humiliation. His tongue was silent. Vision of their pitiable blindness pierced their offensive exterior. He saw them as they were, sheep without a true shepherd, and in that moment of extreme provocation was willing to die for them. Let us long consider Him!

WE have read much, and some of us have seen much, of man's cruelty to man during the past few years. As I write the prisoners of war are coming home with their grim stories

when it came to the home in Bethany. He wept over human sin as He beheld the city of Jerusalem with its formalism, and its desecrated temple.

When a strong man weeps, it indicates that his feelings are deeply stirred; and because Jesus was deeply stirred in each instance, it reveals His anxiety to come to the help of distressed mankind.

He gave Lazarus back to his sisters, thus drying their tears and bringing gladness back to their home, and He also gave them the assurance that death would never permanently separate the children of God.

He did not remove death; He disarmed it. He faced death calmly and brought life and immortality to light. In His resurrection He led captivity captive as He made captive those things that had made captives of mankind. He also gave gifts unto men; gifts that could come from no other source, and which no other power could give.

Christ revealed the power of sin by showing in His life and His

ple. No longer can the unbeliever belittle the power of sin in the life. It was sin that opposed Jesus, that persecuted Him, and finally crucified Him. Sin did its worst to Him.

As Peter says: "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

Furthermore, Jesus brought to a sinning world a remedy for sin. This was nothing less than His Blood which was shed as "a ransom for many."

In God's Word we find many references to blood, and throughout the entire system of Jewish sacrifices and customs, blood symbolized life, not death. By the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, His Blood is lifted from the physical to the spiritual level. Thus He passed from death to life, and won this victory for us.

He who knew no sin, became sin

Have You Remembered The Salvation Army in Your Will?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests.

Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:
Commissioner B. Orames,
Territorial Commander,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

death the inevitable and crushing reaction of selfish humanity. He was crucified because His life and teaching rebuked the sins of the Pharisees, the Romans and the peo-

Consider Him!

(Continued from page 9)

of heaped-up degradations imposed upon them.

They enter into the depths of the story of Jesus, the Lord of Life, when He was bound by careless, ribald soldiers who broke the monotony of their task by making cruel jibes at their silent Prisoner.

They will know better than we who have only read of this generation's sufferings, what superb strength Jesus had to let those soldiers do it.

With a word He could have altered everything. In Jerusalem were many who would have risen at His call and given their lives to protect Him. But Love has strength beyond anything we can imagine.

Look upon Him, not thrust into His agony but willingly seeking it, driven only by the compulsion of Love!

CONSIDER HIM, by His obedience becoming our Saviour, that is "One able to save."

The writer to the Hebrews knew how prone we are to look at ourselves and so lose heart. His advice was that we "fix our eyes upon Jesus" and thus keep ourselves (using Moffatt's phrase) "from fainting and failing."

We cannot do this carelessly, or flippantly, or even half-heartedly. We cannot consider Him without shedding the superficial self which we so often offer as our defence to the world.

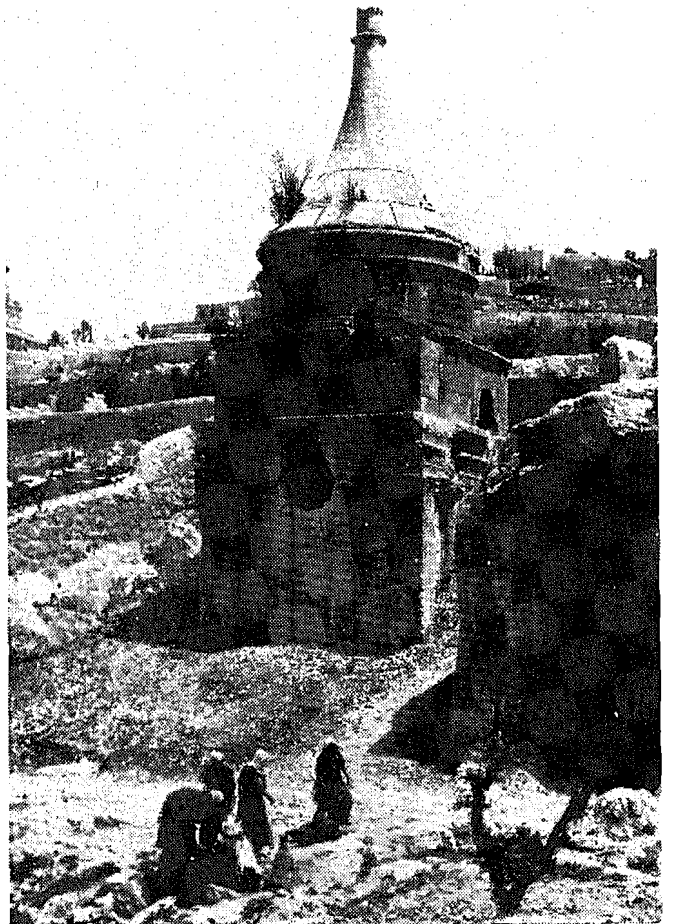
Those eyes which meet us from the Cross demand our utter sincerity. Their love is strong, not sentimental. It searches rather than caresses. It burns to heal.

A CHARMING NAME

MOST of us are aware that the word "Lent" marks one of the special periods of the Church year preceding Easter, and which is usually observed by forms of fasting and abstinence. But few, no doubt, are cognizant of the interesting fact that this is also an old word for Spring. The term is probably connected with "length," and indicates the time of lengthening days.

Lent lily is still a charming name for the daffodil, whose golden beauty is so much appreciated.

for us. He paid our penalty, the penalty of the broken law; He opened for us a way to the throne of God. No one need live below his privilege—the claiming of the gift of forgiveness of sin, and of assurance of Life Eternal.



A photograph of the excavated Tomb of Absalom in the Valley of Kidron, near Jerusalem, where recent research has yielded many objects of interest to visitors in the Holy Land

Let us come close to the Cross with penitence and with joy, for He has conquered by Love that we might learn how to Love.

And when we learn that, we learn the secret of the universe for which men still seek.

CONSIDER HIM IN VICTORY! Some of us are impotent in the presence of Satanic opposition. Even indifference and apathy silence our witness. Our weak hearts grow faint until we are strengthened by the power of our Saviour's triumph.

As we look upon Him "from the fight returned victorious," we are reminded that His triumph over the bonds of death was only possible through His willingness to die to self.

Many who could be mighty in God and in the overthrow of evil do not count in the never-ceasing conflict because they turn aside from the way of Victory, which is by way of the Cross.

While this is vital to our own spiritual well-being, it is more important to the Kingdom of Christ. His glorious purposes can only be achieved through the willing surrender of His people to the work to which He calls us.

The sinful and God-forgetting are to know of His Redeeming Love, through those who have shared the sufferings of the Cross. We cannot be spectators in this matter. As we "consider Him" we must enter with Him into the new life which He lives.

"Were Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem born
But not in thee,
Still wert thou all forlorn!"

Let us therefore draw near, and give, as He gave His all, that we might share His Cross and His Kingdom in His Victory!

WE WOULD SEE JESUS

(Continued from page 5)

explaining how the copy was made in Italy and transferred to its present location. The sun was shining brightly through the exquisitely colored glass, and then, at a given signal, blinds were slowly drawn from the right and left which gradually obscured the heads of Bartholomew, and James the lesser, Andrew, Judas, Peter, John, Thomas, James the greater, Philip, Matthew, Thaddaeus and Simon, until there was visible only the head of Jesus as He sat in the centre of the group at the table.

Many, many things have in these days attracted our attention and destroyed the vision. Therefore, more and more the blinds must be drawn, shutting out the human and earthly things, until in the lives of men there is but one dominating personality—Jesus Christ our Crucified and Risen Redeemer.

The first, and whole duty of man is to place Him on the highest pedestal, for all the world to listen to and believe.

WHEN we reflect upon the sacrificial death and glorious resurrection of Jesus, should we not remember, too, particularly in this day of uncertain things, that "He became a glorious prophecy and type of the destiny of all good, which, though struggling hard with evil and at times seemingly overborne, will ultimately exhibit and exert its indestructible vitality—a prophecy and type of the destiny of all good, who though despised, persecuted, and slain, shall rise again unhurt?"

GOLGOTHA AND THE GARDEN TOMB

(Continued from page 8)

tomb. This thought awakened me from my reverie, brought me back to life, to the realities of my day. "He is not here. He is risen!"

We descended from Calvary to the Jericho Road, route of millions who visit Jerusalem for the Passover. Hanging low over the city was the evening star.



The Saviour's Resurrection Parable

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die . . ."

AND Jesus answered them saying, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that

hath lost his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

If a man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My Father be: if any man serve Me him will My Father honor.

John 12:23-26.



INDIAN BRAVE

Enrolled as a Salvation Warrior, He Took The Army's Methods and Message Back to His Own People

CONVERTED through the faithfulness of his wife who had accepted Christianity, a young Tsimshian Indian brave in whose warrior blood burned the ardent fires of his forefathers, conceived the idea of taking the Gospel news to his people in the vigorous fashion which he felt to be his bounden duty.

He therefore took a special trip from his native village of Port Simpson, on the northern coast of British Columbia, to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, where he saw The Army in operation, and asked to be enrolled as a Soldier.

This request was granted, and he became a Bandsman, playing his instrument, giving his testimony and delighting in The Army's martial methods. Deep down in his heart, however, he longed for the day when he could go back to his own village, and put what he had seen into practice among his own people.

On his return to Port Simpson the young convert immediately enlisted the aid of some friendly villagers and erected a large tepee, in which he proceeded to hold red-hot Salvation meetings. The native people were not favorably disposed toward this strange religion, and opposed

it with violence. Even the church people took their stand against him, and influenced the village council to order the meetings to cease.

This the youthful evangelist determined they should not do, and with an Army Flag and drum, he marched the streets encountering persecution. On one occasion a teamster deliberately attempted to run him down with his horses and wagon.

He was haled before the Chiefs' Council and told that this "crazy Army" must stop. But the Salvationist, like Paul before Agrippa, delivered a burning testimony in the Tsimshian tongue, which held his hearers spell-bound, and silenced their accusations.

Next day, with a few converts gathered around him, he marched the streets, boldly singing, "We're The Army, that shall conquer." There was a mad rush of an angry mob upon the group. The drumstick was wrenched from the hand of the drummer and a general melee took place. But the beating went on, the comrade using his cap in place of the stick. In the meeting that night forty Natives were converted, and after that The Army truly conquered.

Persecution did not cease, however, and a notice was posted on

the Village Hall stating that persons holding open-air meetings would be arrested. The notice was torn down, the meeting held, and the Salvationists, including their intrepid leader, found themselves in jail. The jailer and his wife, however, as another such couple at Philippi, were kindly disposed toward their prisoners and treated them with consideration. The matter caused some stir, and came before the notice of the Government Agent, who ruled that the Salvationists were at liberty to continue their meetings.

Twenty years of valiant service rolled by and Andrew MacKay (promoted to Glory seven years ago) was appointed to Skeena River, where, after travelling many miles by canoe, he and his devoted wife discouraged the natives from their heathenish customs, and introduced Christianity. These comrades were also the first to establish the Christian religion on the Naas River, which extends far into the wilds of Northern British Columbia.

Field-Captain MacKay, to which rank this comrade was eventually promoted, travelled widely among his people, holding remarkable revival meetings, and enrolling numerous prominent Thlinglet Natives as Salvation Soldiers.

HE WAS A NEW MAN

A MAN; married, addicted to drink, becomes increasingly careless of his home; of his wife; of his little ones. Sinks lower and lower, and at last leaves his wife to shift for herself.

The wife, like many another so placed, never loses faith in her husband. Many months elapse, and he fails to communicate with her.

Her health gives way, and soon she is in very straitened circumstances. What shall she do?

The man in a terrible mental, physical and spiritual condition, meets with The Salvation Army.

Officer takes great interest, believes and prays for the poor drunkard's Salvation, and, in due course, his prayer is answered; the man seeks and finds Christ and becomes a new man in Him.

He makes good in every way. Indeed, is a remarkable trophy of God's Grace.

Wife is communicated with, and relations by correspondence are established between her and her husband.

She greatly delights in the wonderful change which she learns (first from the Officer) has taken place in her "John's" life.

A few weeks ago the couple were reunited, and are now settled happy and comfortable in a Coast town.

At the weekly Soldiers' meeting of the local Corps the converted drunkard, in his stirring testimony, told how that his little girl of seven exclaimed on seeing him after the long separation.

"What's the matter with Daddy; he looks so new?" And so indeed he is—"A new man in Christ Jesus"; a Resurrection miracle!



ARISE and LIVE

By RICHARD
Le GALLIENNE

“From out its Win-
ter tomb the earth
reborn”

WINTER unlocks its doors,
And a bright troop, dazzlingly
free,
Into the sunlight pours—
The risen, wind-kissed souls of
flower and tree;
The lustrous shapes of life in laugh-
ing throngs,
Glorious from darkness, flutter
and flash and stream;
Birds are a-building with sudden,
happy songs,
And the shy violets dream.

In answer to the Resurrection horn,
From out its winter tomb the earth,
reborn,
Leaps up, the Risen Master to
acclaim,
Speaking in myriad tongues His
holy name.
For He, God's stricken Flower,
Lay like His world in mystic
trance profound
Of seeming death, waiting this
Easter hour
To raise H's shining head from
the dark ground.
He is risen, and all things with Him
rise
With hallowed, wondering eyes.

And thou, my soul, shalt thou in
darkness lie,
Sluggard in all this spring? Shall
the song
That from a thousand singers soars
to the sky
Wake not thy drowsy tongue?
Shall all this perfumed fire,
Thrilling the risen earth in every
vein,
Move thee to no desire
To rise and live again?

The saint suffers more intensely
than we do. He sees the sinner hurt
by his sin. He watches as one see-
ing gold sinking deep into a quag-
mire. This pain is the price of
“drawing near.”

We who would enter into the
friendliness of the saints shall not
find ourselves all “cast in the same
mould.” Jesus never asked the
gentle, visionary John to be the
energetic, dynamic Peter, nor sug-
gested that one was superior to the
other.

They were opposites; they al-
ways will be. Even in the Father's
House they probably occupy dif-
ferent rooms. But one thing they
shared: Jesus called them both to
follow Him, and every one who
followed Jesus found himself then—
as he does to-day—heading straight
for the multitudes.

“As many as received Him, to
them gave He . . .” So we can't
remain aloof. Influence, like the
perfume of spring flowers, is for
pouring out.

The saints were content to “van-
ish from the sight” of those with
whom they walked, desiring only
that the God in them should be
accepted and recognized by their
fellows, listening to hear the tri-
umphant cry, “The Lord is Risen!”
The joy of the saints is great when
they see this glad recognition of
their Master and know that it has
been their high privilege to help
bring it about.

“Jesus Drew Near”

*The Saviour Walked Among Men and Went
About Doing Good*

“JESUS Himself drew near.”
Yet we are so often aloof. To
be reserved, apart, is, some
would have us believe, a mark of
worth.

They who look down, as from the
heights, upon the “friendly” man,
probably would have looked down
on Jesus who attended wedding
gatherings, ate with publicans and
sinners and who, after His resur-
rection, seemed so like an ordinary
traveller that two of His disciples
walking on the Emmaus road
quite simply accepted His company
and told Him their sorrows and
hopes. Not until He had vanished
from their sight did they exclaim
“The Lord is risen!”

Is not the meaning of the in-
carnation that, in Jesus, God drew
near to men? He learned to man-
age a carpenter's business. He made
yokes: He probably knew person-
ally the farmers who brought their
beasts to be fitted. He grew up
among them and listened daily to
their conversation. Perhaps He
helped them in busy seasons.

He knew their anxieties. He knew
what weather could do to a house
built on a flimsy foundation. This
knowledge He used to illustrate the
urgency of the claims of God's
Kingdom.

LIKE their Master, God's saints
have lived close to other men.
From behind the pawnshop counter
William Booth learned about the

wrongs committed against the poor
as well as the wrongs of which they
were rightfully accused.

His son Bramwell held a vivid
memory of his father throwing
open the public-house door and
saying earnestly to him, “These are

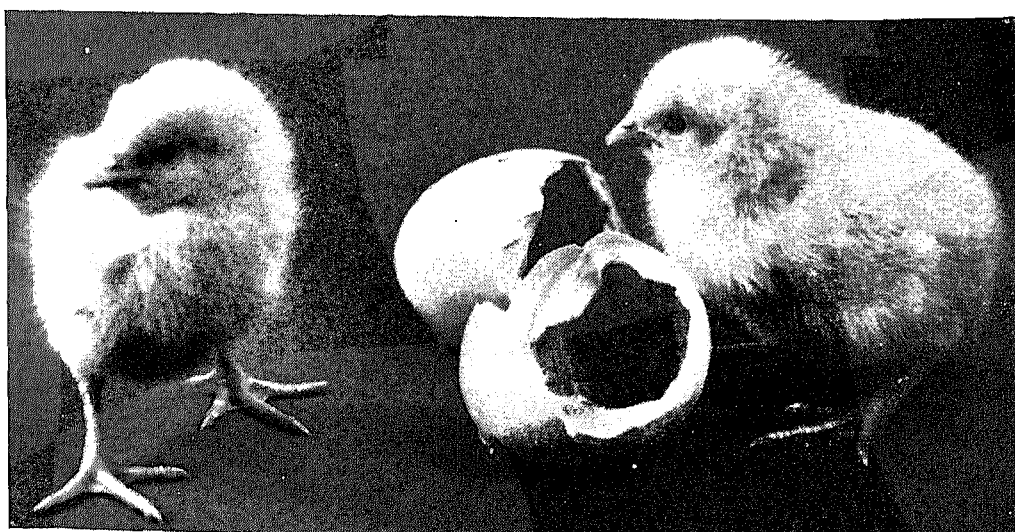
By John Quietstream

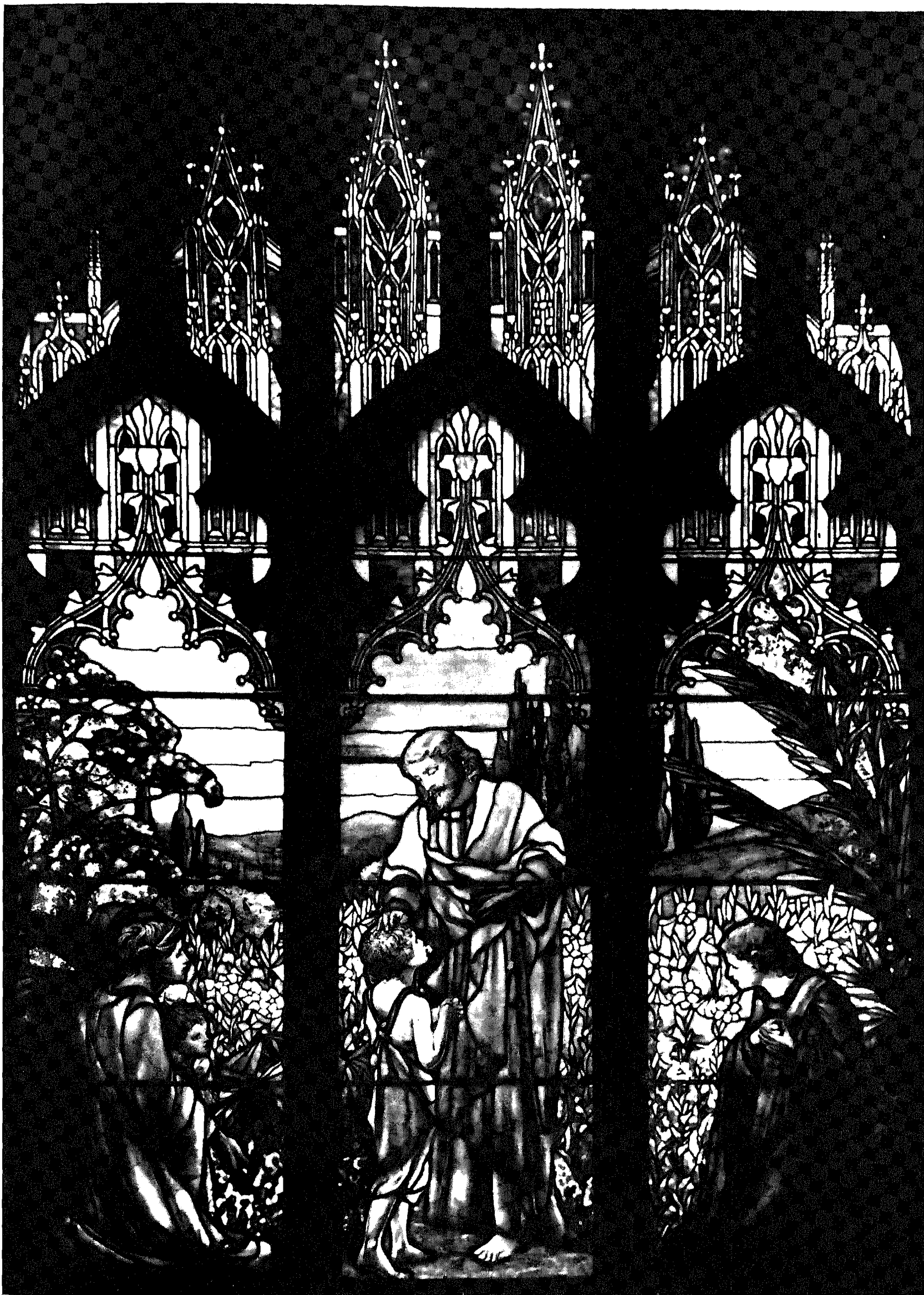
our people. . . .” That motley crowd
represented the men and women
whom nobody wanted drowning
their woes in liquor. Perhaps

among the crowd
was one so cor-
rupt, ungrateful
and vindictive that
he might be called
“the worst” of the
lot. He was the one
William Booth
sought out.

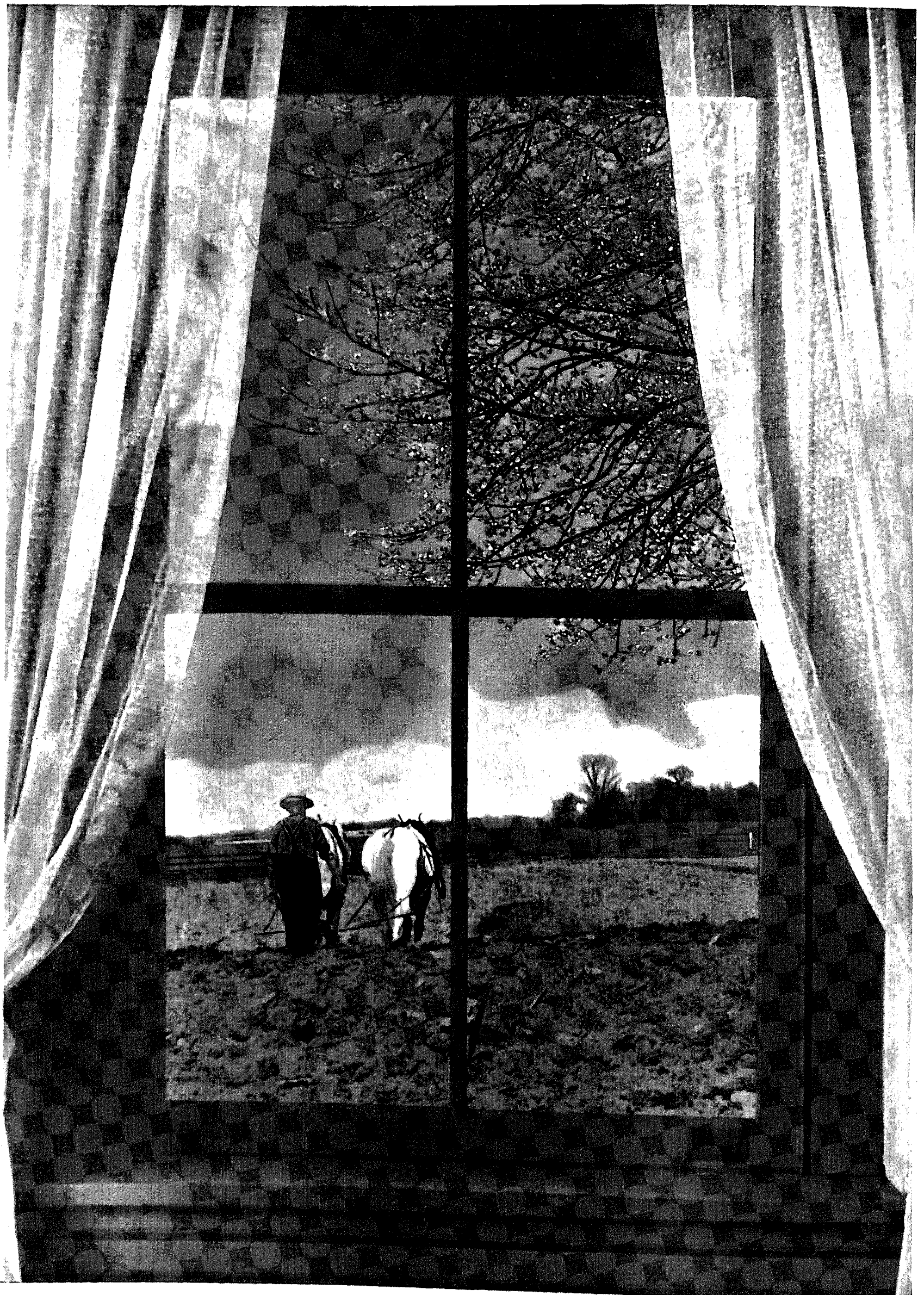
To shoot him
and rid the world
of his evil influ-
ence would be
easy; to pour com-
passion upon his
filthiness until the
mud began to
loosen and the
gleam of a gem
appeared would be

NEW ARRIVALS
It's a big and a new
world to these tiny
feathered newcomers





LIFE'S SPRINGTIDE: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."



A glimpse of Spring from a farm-house window

Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. 21:5.